VOL. I.—No. 9. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 19, 1868 Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Gee's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
And as upon the head it sits,
Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

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CONTENTS OF No. 6.—August 29th.

1.—On the Rialto: III.
2.—Children and Sermons.
3.—Ben Lange.
4.—London Papers: 3. The Standard.
5.—The Grand Duchess at the Royal.
6.—The Schiller-Anstalt.
7.—A Bit of Local Natural History.
8.—Gee's Puffer Out-Puffed.

The Manchester Shoddy Exchange—Passages from the Earthly Paradise—Where are the Police?—Trees in Large Towns—An American in Scotland.

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THE YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD.

THE renunciation of ideals which is expressed in Heine's saying, "In my youth my passion was for Love, Truth, Liberty—now it is crab soup"—is one of the saddest facts in human nature. A man's character may be more or less favourable to the preservation of his illusions; but, sooner or later, is it not true that we all have our crab soup, which we love better than the splendid idols of our early days? Is there not a time when, having squandered our enthusiasm with the generous extravagance of youth, we find ourselves the most perfect sceptics, caring only for comfort, and influence, and independent property—in short, for crab soup. Whether the disinterested activity of early manhood does, indeed, promise a nobler destiny for the human race than is foreshadowed in the average man of middle age, with his gig, his *Daily Telegraph*, and his meetings in the vestry, it is impossible to decide. But it is undeniable that everyone is conscious of a sense of failure as he abandons his Utopias one by one, and derives a humiliating pleasure from the most material sources. Enthusiasm is a wasteful creature, and loves to show herself in a variety of dresses. But she is never more impressive than when she goes forth disguised as the serious young man, the irrepressible member of the Debating Club, with his powerful spectacles and his revolutionary head of hair. He sternly refuses all invitations to parties, and is very firm on the subject of fetching his sisters home. He escapes these allurements in order to get up some question affecting the reputation of Warren Hastings, or else to dispose of the Ballot and Reform. He reads Clarendon, and Hume, and Macaulay, and has all the most convincing quotations at the tips of his fingers. Every piece of paper he can lay hands on, including the interiors of envelopes and the fly-leaves of books, he covers with important notes. And on the evening of the discussion he walks to the forum with a proud feeling of confidence, and two volumes of Blackstone tucked under his arms.

And where does it end? Does he become the eloquent champion of oppression? Does he reverse the verdict of centuries, and deny himself the amenities which his sisters would offer him, until he has put the world to rights as to whether Wolsey was or was not an old scamp? It is with a kind of remorse that we must reply. But corrupted humanity seems incapable of prolonged acts of virtue, and so the most pertinacious member of the Debating Club generally retires from public life before he is nineteen. Nor does he invariably look back with unmixed satisfaction to the only period of his life in which he laboured for Love, and Truth, and Liberty. So great is the influence of crab soup in life.

Then there is the dainty devotee in literature, the fair-haired, low-voiced, gloomy youth. It is the period of poetic life in which Tennyson is preferred to Browning. He loves to suffocate himself with excessive beauty. Couplets out of *Locksley Hall* rise unconsciously to his lips. If you go with him for half-a-day's excursion, he pulls a Keats out of his pocket before the train has started. It is delightful to forget crab soup for an hour and a half, or say for one hour, and listen to the "Pot of Basil," with his annotations. After mingling among the crowd on Change, and passing one's evenings with ordinary mortals, in most cases very ordinary mortals, to talk to this being, all sadness and joy, is like discovering some new island in the Adriatic, where the soil is rich but uncultivated. He sows his praise with an unthrifty prodigality, and ignores the severer husbandry of separating the tares from the wheat. He is full of glorious prejudices; and even they are preferable to the philosophic impartiality of indifference. To hear him talk about Tupper is the most refreshing piece of abjuration in the world. Anybody who didn't know who Tupper is, anybody who didn't know for a fact that he is a great poet and a profound moralist, would really conclude that he was the most truculent corrupter of the human mind that ever lived. The gloomy youth writes verses himself which resemble the verses of his pet poet just as brandy and water resembles brandy and water in which the brandy has been left out. He only shows his poems to his two most intimate friends, and about twenty editors of magazines, who return them with the epigrammatic remark, "Unsuitable." There is an air of modesty about this word which disarms him and abates his disappointment. *He* would not have minded if the editors had inserted them, even though they were not exactly suitable. But it is really kind of the editors to call them "unsuitable." There is something so dreadfully inhuman about the word "rejected." He reads novels and histories and essays, besides poetry, but still he feels that to be a poet, to move young hearts like his own, to be bound in morocco, and quoted, and set to music, and presented on birthdays, is the only thing worth living for.

It is difficult to say when this being, so fresh and so unworldly, first becomes depraved. Possibly it is a gradual process, like the impression made on rock by the persistent trickling of water. For instance, it might happen that, by regularly reading the *Saturday Review*, he would first get the fragrance, and then the taste, until, after spoonful upon spoonful of crab soup every week, what was first a new luxury became a want, and from a want an actual necessary of life.

The light touch of easy scorn which characterizes the social articles in the *Saturday*, can only be acquired by persistently ignoring all moral elements. The quiver of an emotion would spoil all. The hand that tickles with a feather the sore place in the social body must be steadied by an absolute cold-bloodedness. The gloomy youth, with his moments of enthusiasm and his moments of honest wrath, reads these clever articles, written by men who have outgrown the childish dogmatism of right and wrong. Their cold, cynical tone casts a chill over his young spirit. But it is not an unpleasant chill. It is the sweet but dangerous draught of air when you are a little overheated. He delights in the neat little arguments, the trenchant criticisms, the relentless exposure of the folly of sentiment divorced from calculation. He likes to see the little nostrums of the "good people" held up to ridicule. And yet, all the time he has a lingering feeling that its tendency is to destroy his belief in all that makes life worth having. How is he to reconcile the reasonings of the intellect with the beliefs necessary to the preservation of his enthusiasm? He has tasted crab soup, and he becomes an intellectual gourmet. Week after week he returns to the feast, until all his noble aspirations expire in a species of moral apoplexy. Even the chivalrous devotion with which he regarded women has dwindled with his other superstitions. He who saw Elaines in all the girls who wore hair of the fashionable colour and "millers' daughters" in every country wench, now learns that man is doomed to disenchantment. He hears recrimination between men and women on the decline of married happiness where formerly he was wont to regard as a dream a union with any one of the twenty beings whom he has in turns adored. The almost religious timidity with which he formerly addressed woman is now replaced by a kind of *Saturday Review* self-confidence. He does not necessarily become a cynic, but the beautiful gloominess in which he wrapped his feelings is now no more. The wind may not have shaken the foundations of a tower—but nevertheless it sends a biting blast in upon those who are sheltered within.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

[BY OUR PROFOUND THINKER.]

THERE are weightier afflictions in this world than mothers-in-law; but not many.

He betteth evenly who lodgeth alone: he *layeth* odds who sleepeth five in a bed.

The old cow dieth in the wilderness unwept, but she hath her undertakers nevertheless; for wheresoever the carcase is, there shall the sausage makers be gathered together.

The slothful man who coolly killeth time in the battle of life, is a greater hero than he who quaking said "How goes the enemy?"

That Nature is subject to Law is the voice of the muddled philosopher,—and yet no man payeth her debt through the County Court!—Lo, she even encourageth the owl in his *moonlight flittings!*

In modern superstition there is an Evil Eye: verily the lamp of the Night Watch. A bovine orb, under whose malignant glare cold mutton perisheth!

A woman's tongue is like the millstream's flow: it bringeth an endless revolution to the *family miller.*

That moral courage is the superior, I avow; yet methinks it were more comfortable to take Time by the forelock than the bull by the horns.

A PLEDGE OF AFFECTION.—Popping the question.

THE SNAPPING TURTLE.—A nagging wife.

THE MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

SECOND NOTICE.

ON taking a survey of the pictures in the FIRST ROOM, which shall alone concern us to-day, the poverty of material at the disposal of the committee soon becomes apparent. One is tempted to ask the question—Why place such pictures as 34, 97, and 130 on the line, or indeed on the walls at all, seeing that such pictures are powerless for good in any way, and only vulgarize the exhibition? The answer is ready. The committee have given us the best they had. We must not and will not complain, but proceed at once to our proper business, which is to examine the pictures a little in detail.

1. The Evening Walk . J. T. Peele. This a coarse imitation of Gainsborough. The dog's head is made far more interesting than the girl's, a blunder that Gainsborough would never have committed. *He* would first have made his girl as interesting as he possibly could, and then have given her some ugly but good-natured looking beast to take care of, which nobody but a kindly disposed lass would have anything to do with. The result of such a mode of treatment may be readily conceived. An interesting looking girl to begin with, made more interesting by the possession of a kind heart, such beauty or grace as she had being heightened, besides, by contrast with the ugliness of the dog. Mr. Peele's mode of treatment is just the reverse of all this.

3. A Stitch in Time : Thomas Wade. A weak, chalky piece of work, far inferior to 41, The Poacher's Home, by the same artist. The Poacher's Home is a small, unpretending piece of work, far above the average of its class, much more unpretending than its name implies, for the man has nothing of a poacher in his looks, and, if poachers have such children and such homes, then poachers are or ought to be happy men. The action of the two girls at their homely occupation, peeling potatoes, is simple and natural. The background also is very fairly painted: strong in colour, and with an air of reality about it.

4. At Home : A. H. Tourrier. A remarkably clever sketch, evidently done at one painting. The figure is full of character ; self-satisfied, and comfortable, and at home.

12. A Sketch from Nature : H. Hardy. One of three small, rather sketchy pictures, all by the same artist, all in this room, and all modestly situated next the floor. This one is the least important. 37, Haymaking, is better. The central figure and girl are very graceful, but 126, Sketch in Windsor Park, is the best. A nice oblong, and genuine bit of nature, sketched in autumn. Mr. Hardy has considerable freedom of touch and nice feeling for the graceful and picturesque, and, unless he is content with the amount of power already his—as is probably the case, for he *is* clever, and apparently knows it,—he might, by striving, achieve great things. We would advise him to aim at better colour. More knowledge and reverence for nature may eventually be his, if only he is open to learn.

15. The Vagrants : F. Walker. It is a chilly afternoon in autumn. A mother, with a child in her arms, and a girl supporting a sickly brother—these are the vagrants, who have accepted the simple hospitality of a gipsy woman and her boy. The vagrants are cold and tired, and the gipsy boy is making the fire bigger by placing on it half an armful of sticks. This is the story out of which Mr. Walker has made so impressive a picture. One great charm of the composition is in its suggestiveness,—it appeals to the imagination. There is no sign of home, excepting the fire, and a cart on the left, behind the boy, slightly tilted ; yet we feel that the gipsy woman *is* at home, that the camp is not many yards off. So also we do not see the child in the vagrant mother's arms ; the presence of the child is suggested merely, but admirably suggested, and we know that she has one there, soft and warm. The attitude of the gipsy woman is grand in the extreme, statuesque, and, in the calm folding of the arms, reminds one of Michael Angelo, especially in the turn of the left arm and wrist; her expression also is fine. This figure is conceived in the spirit of the highest art. The mother and child is also finely conceived, but the sweetest and tenderest part of the whole is the little girl's care of her sick brother. The sadness of her face and the expression of pain and lassitude (unrepining) of the boy is wonderfully natural. On first seeing the picture, our impression was that the action of the gipsy boy was too violent, though perfectly natural and accurately drawn; that his presence disturbed the repose and drew our attention too much to himself. That impression has now worn off, and we can look at the picture without minding him ; but we think our first impression was the right one, that what we felt will be felt by everybody, and that the boy *is* too prominent. The landscape in nature would have been uninteresting enough, being nothing more than a scrubby bank, with a bit of shallow, weedy water, but by his treatment of it, Mr. Walker has made it as interesting as any landscape proper in the rooms. The detail is perfect, nothing being either slurred or overdone. It has been done with consummate ease also, showing accurate knowledge in the painter, and mastery over his materials. There is no look of paint about it either, which is unfortunate for those pictures immediately surrounding it, as their paintiness, by comparison, is too manifestly apparent.

22. The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice :" C. Hunt. This is a ridiculous picture, and must have cost the artist a great deal of pains,—to no purpose, as appears to us, as it is very unlike what children would do.

23. Evening Grey : C. Napier Hemy. A very carefully studied green landscape, singularly realistic, and, though rather lifeless, conscientiously worked out. The houses in the middle distance are well drawn and truthfully coloured. The distance in nature would probably have had more light in it ; here it looks too heavy, and the shadows in the middle distance immediately below the houses would have been more luminous. The picture has been painted with great care, but is not likely to be popular, having none of that prettiness so much in present demand. However, it is much superior to many others hanging in better situations. The committee have not done justice to it by placing it in a corner on the floor line. It ought at least to change places with 22 above. Mr. Hemy has another picture in the fourth room, 568, A Village by the Sea, but it is not equal to this.

33. The First Ride to the Bracken : C. E. Hallé. Painted in few colours. The background—sky, water, and trees, all of one colour—indigo, or something like it. The girl's dress and hair—brown. The face, neck, arms, and feet, in flesh colour, and very poor flesh colour. Some people would call this simplicity of treatment, and perhaps praise the artist for his self denial. The face is intended to be classical—classical according to Westall and Co. It is in profile, without any expression or meaning beyond what the so called classical outline would give.

34. . . . . John Bostock. The utmost that can be said of this picture is that it is as fresh as paint. But it is no fresher than a newly painted door, and consequently makes not the slightest approach to the freshness of nature. It does not appear to have been studied from nature at all, but to be all of studio growth. The foreground is carefully painted, but in unnatural colours,—faded pea and other greens. There is heather in bloom on the moorland in the middle distance; weak heather, with none of its richness of detail nor depth of colour. The painter does not appear to have any love of nature ; to have but a feeble memory and no imagination. His sin, however, is in presuming to improve upon nature. Nature is not clean enough for him ; he will wash her. How shocked he must be with such a piece of work as Mr. Walker's "Vagrants." Just cast your eye from Mr. Bostock's picture to the little one below, No. 37, a simple, unpretending bit ; not great by

any means — but, with less of nature in them than it has, pictures are unendurable. How fresh and natural and delightful 37 is by comparison.

40. Christ Raiseth from Death the Widow's Son of Nain: W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A. Mr. Dobson has done much better things than this. It does not in the least help us to realize the passage, and if so, then it may be considered to have been painted in vain. The worst feature in the picture is the painter's conception of the Saviour. No one but a great and good man should ever attempt it. Mr. Dobson is not great enough; his conception is weak, and looks as though it were inspired by French sentimentality. The best feature is the expression and action of the young man raised to life, though some of the bystanders don't seem much concerned, and to consider it as an event of every-day occurrence.

43. By the Cliff, Clevedon, Bucks; A. MacCallum. Fuzzy all over; much too hot in the shadows; with weak greens in the middle distance. Not the slightest hint of nature's freshness anywhere, although to paint an agreeably cool picture was evidently the intention of the painter.

51. La Domina: G. R. Chapman. La Domina might have been painted by anyone possessing a very little of the gift of colour, and lucky enough to have a few good Titians in his painting room.

60. The Dominie: Thomas Graham. The figure of the Dominie is cleverly drawn, with a touch of humour in him; and the tender way in which the woman is coaxing the child to approach is very nice. The picture wants refinement, however. As a water-colour sketch, or, better still, an etching, the composition would have been admirable. The Dominie is ugly, without any redeeming kindliness in him to make him a fit subject for realization in oil. It seems a waste of time to have done so. Moreover, the execution is coarse all over, the shrubs in the middle distance particularly. Too evidently done with paint.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

THE saying that the world values people at their own estimate, applies as well to newspapers as to individuals. Far away the most striking instance of this fact to be found in contemporary literature is the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This evening newspaper and review sets a remarkably high price upon itself—in addition to the twopence which it charges for itself—and it seems to be set an equally high price upon by the general public. The huge success which it has had is one of the greatest modern wonders of the press, and speaks folio volumes for the sagacity and astuteness of its founders. Although to Thackeray it is indebted for its name, and its reputation of being written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," a very large share of the credit of its commercial prosperity is due to those who conceived and executed the design of realising Mr. Thackeray's ideal. An evening paper was the want of the press. True, there were one or two; but they were all appendages to the morning papers, and dished up morning matter; or were, if independent, unimportant little concerns, to which even their owners did not attach much dignity and weight, and which the outside public scarcely recognised as authorities. There was undoubtedly a want in newspaper literature. Everybody felt it in some degree, but nobody knew exactly what it was. It was reserved for the architects of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to discover that the want was a clever evening review, which set itself up for an authority, and took a high tone. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was started. Everybody at once felt "That's it! of course it is! that's the very thing! what an ass I was not to think of it!" Everybody bought the paper, and a great success was the result.

But with what consummate tact these geniuses improved upon the grand, but crude, original inspiration! What a happy thought was that "price twopence!" Importance was achieved at once. The notice and the patronage of a most influential class of readers was secured at once. Hundreds who would not have condescended to pay a penny, poured down a copper shower of twopences. The invaluable prestige of fashion was secured: a substantiality and applicability was given to Thackeray's "by gentlemen for gentlemen." The paper had appropriated to itself that valuable taunt. Its penny brethren would repeat it, till the reputation of its gentility would extend through the length and breadth of the land. Last, greatest, grandest thought of all was—tinted paper and thin-faced type. Genius here reached its climax: the force of nature could no further go. It had no need; success was achieved; actually and metaphorically, a "tone" was given to the paper.

Admirably were these details planned. There are in this world, and especially in London, so many people—and well-educated, able people too—who plume themselves upon fine gentlemanliness, that were the paper that constituted itself the organ of gentility the worst written in the world its success could scarcely fail to be conspicuous. Indeed, to folks who make no claim to being any better than they are, the *Pall Mall's* smart appearance recommends it. We are all more or less influenced by externals. We all of us like pretty things, and everything about this newspaper is "nice." It is just the right size—small enough to be convenient, but not so small as to be insignificant. It has a warm, interesting look. When one sees it lying idle on a table, one can scarcely resist taking it up. It is a pleasant paper to handle, a comfortable one to read. It has an air of importance and prosperity about it that is gratifying. Some papers look as though, if you took them up, they would ask you to "lend them five shillings." While reading them you feel the same uncomfortable sensation as when you are talking with a poor relation. You admire their good qualities and don't think a pin the worse of them for their poverty, but somehow you feel relieved when you get rid of them. The *Pall Mall* has the opposite effect. You experience, while reading, the same sort of sensation as you do when you are dining at a rich man's table. You mayn't feel as much sincere respect as in the former case, but you feel more comfortable. The undefinable influence of wealth is exerted upon you, and you feel as though you were participating in prosperity. Moreover, the correspondence column is often occupied by the communications of notable and noted men and women, and you may be sure that, if any clot of the cream of society is "writing to the papers" about anything, a copy of his letter will be sent to the *Pall Mall*. One reads this correspondence, and feels that one is quite amongst the big-wigs—which is very soothing to the feelings. Then again, the contents-bill of the *Pall Mall* is a master-piece of art. All the placarding ability of the country seems to have been concentrated in the combination of the greatest possible conspicuousness with the greatest possible elegance. The eye of the passer-by is caught at once by the fawn-coloured bill that stands out so from the rest, as though it was very sorry, but really couldn't associate with them. Yet, when one looks at it, there is nothing vulgar about it. The elegant, clear-cut title, and the neat, uniform, yet various-sized items, almost spirit the twopence out of one's pocket.

Moreover, the fashionable style in which the *Pall Mall's* articles are set up adds to their effect as compositions. Although no type in the world can make bad writing good, it is extraordinary how much pretty printing influences the judgment of the cursory reader—and who isn't a cursory reader, now-a-days? Do not all of us attribute to a leading article an importance we should never attach to the identical composition deprived of the editorial leads? Depend upon it, the astuteness that conceived the price, shape, and tint of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has hit upon the precise size and style of type best calculated to inspire the respect of readers. Indeed, the event proves it. Everybody looks upon the *Pall Mall* as a high-class paper. Everybody in London, who is

anybody, reads it. In the country it is not much read, because no evening paper can, from its nature, have its full effect on country readers. It is of the essence of such a publication that it should be read, so to speak, while its bills are wet upon the boards of the news-shops. In transmission by train, its flavour evaporates. The next morning, it is flat. So, out of London, such a paper as the *Pall Mall* cannot expect to have much circulation; but in London, it is everywhere. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the Strand, and Fleet Street about Temple Bar, get quite a creamy tinge, Not only every superior-looking man whom you meet has got it, but is very fond of showing he has got it. It is a paper people like to be seen reading. It has achieved that invaluable advantage—a fashionable reputation. It has induced influential readers to confer dignity upon it by persuading them that it confers dignity upon them. This influence has acted and reacted, until it has become a fact. Not only people who can afford twopence love to buy it; but people who can't, love to get hold of it at the restaurants, and in the coffee-rooms. It is snapped up directly. The waiters know this very well, and work the oracle. Towards four o'clock, they get quite important; and, when it comes in, play with their customers by brandishing it before their eyes for full five minutes, ere they cut it and distribute it. If a waiter takes a fancy to you, there is nothing he delights in more than stealthily gliding up behind your back, and suddenly producing it before your eyes with a quick, "*Pall Mall*, sir?" If you eagerly seize hold of it, to the intense chagrin of the old gentleman just opposite—who, for the last half-hour, has apparently been reading the *Times*, but really been waiting for it—he chuckles almost audibly; whilst, if you say you don't want it, it quite affects his happiness. The *Pall Mall* is an infallible criterion by which to tell whose memory, as to waiters, is the best: the man who tips the most is he who gets the *Pall Mall* first. On the other hand, if any artist wanted an expression of mingled rage and disappointment not to be equalled, his best plan would be to go to some hotel, and utterly forget the waiter for a week; and then seize hold of the *Pall Mall*, some evening, by main force, as he is hurrying in with it, elate. The waiter's glare, transferred to canvass, would be fame and fortune.

Not only amongst readers is the *Pall Mall* an authority. Writers look upon it with much reverence. Probably there is no journal at present in existence that is so much quoted and recognised by the press in general. The pages of the most obscure country newspapers are studded with its paragraphs, and even the great, the incomprehensible *Times* itself, condescends to fill its corners with second-hand matter, from *Pall Mall*—or rather, from the narrow alley off the Strand, in which is the dismal reality of that gorgeous ideal office, in the aristocratic thoroughfare that gives its name to the *Gazette*, which exists only in the imagination of country subscribers. Doubtless, there are reasons for this. First and foremost, because the *Pall Mall* speaks with authority, whether it has got any authority to speak with or not; second and hindmost, because the articles are written with ability. The power of the *Pall Mall*, when first it was issued, was particularly remarkable; and, if it has somewhat collapsed, still it is seldom that one finds an absolutely bad article in its columns. But though the writing is good writing, on the whole, there is scarcely any particular brilliancy, or conspicuous vigour, to distinguish it from its plebeian brethren. At least there is not that amount of superiority which might fairly be expected in a journal of such pretensions. Even so far as the mere mechanical matter of style and construction is concerned, it is not as careful as it ought to be. Mistakes in common grammar—authors', not printers' errors—which might be pardoned to hard working journalists, but not to gentlemen who write at ease, or persons who pretend to be gentlemen who write at ease, are by no means rare in the creamy columns of this evening newspaper and review. But, setting aside slips of grammar as trifles, worthy only of the notice of hard-up comic papers that mistake their mission, surely the *Pall Mall* ought to be above such vulgar slipshod as expressions of one thing being "more impossible" than another, and a third thing being "less perfect" than a fourth. These blemishes, which are as objectionable as the grandiloquence of the scorned "penny-a-liner," it invests with all the glories of its pretty print.

But the most objectionable feature of the *Pall Mall* is more objectionable than bad composition. From the very name of the paper it is obvious that it is founded on snobbery. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the contents of the paper often partake of the character of its title. Besides a general flippant and conceited tone, it occasionally indulges in outbursts of genuine, unadulterated, unmitigated snobbery. The contemptible depths to which so high a journal will at times descend, would scarcely be credited if described, and, therefore, we will illustrate our remark by an example. We will take it from the number of the *Pall Mall* which was published on the 8th of June last. No doubt, many more recent instances might be given; but this one has particularly struck our fancy. In the number to which we have referred is an article on the Newspaper Press Fund, in connection with charitable dinners. Six lines from the end of the article, begins this superb sentence:—"The Press Fund may, for aught we know, be a very good one"—observe, in passing, the pride of ignorance in the *Pall Mall Gazeteer*: "for aught he knows!" He might be describing the inside of an omnibus, or the sensation of walking in the street without having his gloves on. "For aught he knows!" That's a very fine touch—"we believe it is"—he believes it is; how condescending of him, to be sure! Observe, too, how this apparently restrictive remark really emphasizes the advertisement of his ignorance. However, he believes it is; thank him for that—"*but, if there are poor journalists to be maintained, let the thing be done as quietly and decently as possible.*" There! there's gentility for you! That is how gentlemen write for gentlemen. None of your penny-a-lining sympathy and charity! Are there any poor people? Is there such a thing as poverty? If there is, if there are, quietly and decently take them out of the way. That is, somebody else take them out of the way. I can't; for, you see, I've got my gloves on. *Let* them be taken out of the way. *Let* them be maintained. But don't ask me to help; I won't have anything to do with anything so low. I "like to be a swell, and write in the *Pall Mall*." Did the most purse-proud parvenu of Lancashire ever boast so despicably of his wealth, and is not the most arrant penny rhapsody of the Daily Telegraph in better taste than this twopenny gentility of the *Pall Mall Gazette*?

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT HEATON PARK.

THE review last Saturday was very successful, and went off with great éclât, but the arrangements for the admission of the public were most inadequate; and as none of our contemporaries have noticed them, we feel bound to allude to them. Near the Rooden Lane gate a cab was stationed, containing a rifleman, with tickets for sale. Around this cab was a large concourse of people, struggling and fighting for tickets. It took us full twenty minutes' hard work to procure one. After obtaining a ticket, the candidate for admission had to undergo another arduous ordeal in the crush at the gate, which was equal to that which occurs at the pit door of the theatre on a popular night. The besieged volunteer in the cab then ran short of tickets, and had to send for more. This, however, was too much for the crowd, so, making a vigorous effort, they stormed the gates, and swarmed over the walls. On a future occasion, we hope better arrangements will be made.

A correspondent wishes to know whether, as the magistrates, in committing Murphy, committed a nuisance, they also are not amenable on the same account.

5,750 WOMEN.

WE understand that the Manchester Carriage Company are about to bring an action against Miss Lydia Becker, the secretary of the Woman Suffrage Society. We believe that on Saturday last an application was made for a warrant against that lady, the depositions alleging that an advertisement requesting five thousand seven hundred and fifty women to attend at the Town Hall last Monday morning, not later than ten o'clock, to claim votes, had been published; and that the Company were under great apprehension lest the legs of the horses in their Pendleton 'busses—which pass by the Town Hall—should be removed by the amount of eloquence which could not fail to be anticipated from the circumstances of the case. The stipendiary magistrate, however, said that he had no power to stop the ladies' tongues. Innumerable precedents had decided that to stop a women's tongue was beyond the power of any earthly tribunal. He might at once refer the applicants to the leading authority on the subject—he meant *Caudle's case*. If it was impossible to stop one woman's tongue, *a fortiori* it was impossible to stop five thousand seven hundred and fifty women's tongues. He could not bind them to keep their peace. The consequences of interfering with women's celebrated right of free speech, we tremble to conceive.

On the Monday morning, the five thousand seven hundred and fifty women marched in procession to the Town Hall, headed by Miss Becker. The porters fled at their approach; the town-clerk took the next train to London; and the Mayor, after making a gallant stand upon his dignity, was ultimately compelled to abdicate his apartments. The moment that the claims began to be heard, the worst anticipations of the Carriage Company were realised. The legs of the poor horses flew off in all directions. Cross-street presented a most pitiable sight. The roadway was speedily covered with prostrate, legless horses. Fore-legs and hind-legs lay about on every side. Directly that a 'bus came round St. Ann's-street corner, eight legs were talked off, and two poor, helpless bodies fell upon the ground. Mr. John Lawson, the veterinary surgeon of the Company, was quickly in attendance, but he said that it was quite beyond the power of surgical science to cope with the affliction. It was called the plague of women, and was the most terrible pest known to the faculty. The suffering brutes were conveyed to the nearest slaughter-houses; that was all that could be done for them. When the attention of the women was called to the disastrous consequences of their agitation, they simply said that they must have their rights, and that the horses might take their chance.

NEW PACKING MACHINE.

A NEW machine for packing public meetings, and breaking them up, if required, has just been invented, and may at present be seen at work in Salford at the meetings of candidates. It is filled with a substance composed of rough macadam, rowdyism, and gas, which is of a highly explosive nature. Attached to it is a boiler which generates steam, and a cylinder full of wind. With the assistance of a tap (room), it can be easily filled, and at a trifling expense—a few mild quarts will do it. By means of a valve, the wind and steam eject the rough material into the interior of the room, where the meeting is about to be held. There it is compressed tightly together, ready for use, and to blow up the meeting at the proper time. It is easily worked, and only requires a man to superintend the explosive substance in the room. By means of a telegraphic apparatus, communication is kept up between the machine outside and the interior of the building, and at a given signal the match is applied, and the explosion takes place. The machine stands upon two legs, on which it can travel, by an ingenious contrivance, even up and down stairs, if required, or it can be conveyed to the place of meeting on a lurry, if necessary.

ELECTION MEMORANDUM.

It may naturally be expected that the struggle between the Conservatives and Liberals of Manchester will, in the ensuing election, be conducted with more than usual bitterness. As both parties are now, for the first time, in possession of clubs, they will doubtless bring them to bear on each other with telling effect.

WARNING TO MINING SPECULATORS.—Come Wheal, come woe.

BUCKSTONE AND CO.

WHY does the world go mad over Oliver Goldsmith? Why do critics get maudlin, when they mention him? Why can't they call him by his name, instead of mooning about "gentle Noll," and so forth? Because he was such a good-natured little chap. Granted: excuse excepted. Why do they get maudlin over his works, though? The dramatic critic of the *Examiner and Times*, whose recent admirable criticism of *Dundreary* proves him to be able to criticise well when he chooses, got himself into a state of mind that can only be characterised as "spoony," the last time he wrote upon *She Stoops to Conquer;* and, this time, shows more of a tendency to call the piece "inimitable" than its merits deserve. Why cannot critics speak the truth? The truth is, the first half of the play is very good, and the second half very bad. It falls off just at the point where every dramatist, who is not quite equal to his work, fails. The finishing off of a drama, after its climax, is the crucial test of genuine dramatic authorship. It is a most important part, for it is just the place where people are beginning to get tired, and is the last impression left on them; yet it is only now and then one meets with a dramatist who is equal to the emergency. Most comedies tail off ignominiously. Mr. T. W. Robertson absolutely founders. The last acts of his ingenious and pretty comedies might be written by someone else. They break down as a race horse that has passed the post might do in pulling up. Thus, the first part of *She Stoops to Conquer* is comedy of the most brilliant order; the second part is farce of the dreariest description. It is a most disappointing piece. One almost wishes that it *had* been damned, the first night, at that garden-scene where it had such a narrow escape; for then, perhaps, it might have been re-written towards the end. As it stands, it gets into a dreary farce. For this the author is responsible rather than the actor; but Mr. Buckstone makes it much more farcical than it need be, and he cannot be excused upon the grounds on which he is excused by the *Examiner and Times*—to wit, that the most farcical business excites the most laughter. No doubt it does: but what a great vulgar roar it is that it excites, compared with the short, quick, intelligent bursts of merriment which greet true points. Moreover, merriment is no excuse at all. Nothing excites so much merriment—as Mr. Buckstone knows too well—as his simply turning his back upon the audience and conspicuously exhibiting the posterior portion of his trousers. Yet this would not justify Mr. Buckstone in forgetting the respect which is due both to himself and to the audience. Another thing should be remembered. Laughter is not synonymous with enjoyment. Wit gives pleasure that is not expressed in laughter, as well as pleasure that is. Humour does, too. But farce does not. A person who is splitting with laughter often does not experience as much pleasure as one who is simply smiling. Laughter is quite compatible with disgust. One feels disgusted at farce, even when one is roaring at it. The change that comes about the house, during the course of Goldsmith's comedy, is a phenomenon. At first, the audience is an assembly of intelligent, delighted persons; at last it is a chaos of wild, screaming fools. Quite another set of people in the audience are roused; most of the others laugh and look bored, by turns, while the rest sit dejected. They are set bitterly moralising on the bitter fact that everything in the world is spoiled.

The comedy is splendidly performed. If Mr. Buckstone, as Tony Lumpkin, would only restrain himself, he would be perfect. If Mr. Chippendale would not use that marvellous transition of expression *quite* so often, he also would be perfect. Mr. Howe *is* perfect. One of the chief features of this year's performances is the extraordinary spirit with which Mr. Howe is playing. Mr. Howe was always good, but he has never appeared in Manchester

to such advantage as this year. His acting is most vigorous and telling. His shyness, as young Marlowe, is worth a pilgrimage to see. Fancy Mr. Howe shy! We have heard fastidious young ladies demur to the luxuriant development of Mr. Howe's—well, Mr. Howe's young cattle; but, for our own part, they inspire us with confidence. To see them bolt across the stage, when he is caught by Hardcastle, is a dose of quinine. On a par with Mr. Howe's spirit is Mr. Kendal's. It is refreshing to see him. He appears to enjoy himself so, and enjoyment is infectious. The only part in which he seems dispirited is that of Captain Absolute. Nor is it to be wondered at. Mr. Kendal has proved himself to be a very clever actor, but his Captain Absolute—at least the Captain Absolute of his last visit—is not to be compared to Mr. Farren's. In the *Rivals*, Mr. Farren's absence is felt far more keenly than in the *School for Scandal*. The play falls quite flat. Mr. Kendal acts Charles Surface well, but he doesn't seem to be able to manage the Captain. Why he puts aside those teeming spirits of his, that would be of such assistance to him in the part, we do not understand. The laughing scene with Mrs. Malaprop Mr. Kendal scarcely attempts; the embrace of Lydia he makes nothing of. Thus, the two great hits of the piece are lost. Mr. Farren might have patented the pair of triumphs, and refused to grant the use of them to his successor. However, Mr. Kendal wins his spurs in other parts. In farces he is especially excellent. Indeed, in characters that wear the costume of to-day, Mr. Kendal is equal, and sometimes superior, to Mr. Farren; but in characters that wears silks, and satins, and a wig, he is inferior. And if the Haymarket Company are to maintain that unity of action which has done far more than individual excellence for their reputation, Mr. Farren must come back. It is not Mr. Buckstone, or Mr. Compton, or Mr. Chippendale, or Mr. Howe, or Mr. Farren, or Mr. Anybody else, whom we the Haymarket Company "call, But the joint force and full result of all."

With regard to ladies, changes in the cast do not seem to make so much difference. Women are more alike than men. All women—whether off or on the stage—are actresses. All women have the same sort of little ways and airs. Therefore, as women can only do on the stage what women do off the stage, and all women off the stage do the same, all women on the stage do the same. Mrs. Chippendale still continues to us, and may she long do! But as her companion, we have had no less than four different ladies—Miss Louisa Angell, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Nelly Moore, and Miss Madge Robertson. To decide between them were a nicer job than Paris's. All have been adorable. In great measure, all have been the same. Miss Robertson makes a delightful Miss Hardcastle. The varying expressions that chase one another over her face, in the first scene, are ravishing to see, and, at the same time, so swift and subtle that they only can be seen by half-a-hundred of the nearest onlookers. Miss Robertson is especially great at the expression of archness, mock demureness, and that vacant look which is the great resource of every young woman in the world in an emergency. Added to this, Miss Robertson's left eye always looks on the point of glistening over into an innocent little wink. The right eye has, apparently, as much as it can do to behave itself; but the left seems to be more mischievous than it can hold. Indeed, we could almost believe that it actually did wink sometimes; but that must be our imagination. In the barmaid scene, Miss Robertson is scarcely equal to Miss Moore—particularly in appearance; but her scenes with Mr. Hardcastle, and her first scene with young Marlowe, are superior. Perhaps Miss Robertson will forgive our again reminding her that, if she *Stoops* socially *to Conquer*, she needn't stoop physically. When last we touched upon the diminutive and ungracious subject of Miss Robertson's defects, we inadvertently accused her of a tendency to "gasp." We should have written "gape." We allude to her habit of standing with her mouth wide open, while she is being talked to. It looks very pretty on occasion, and is expressive on occasion; but too much of it is scarcely elegant. That third tendency which we before referred to, we could almost think Miss Robertson has modified.

What words can describe Mr. Compton in the *Poor Gentleman*? When it is said that Ollapod is his best character, no more can be said. He has it all his own way in that piece, and holds the audience under his thumb. It must be a character after his own heart. Besides the mirth excited by Mr. Compton's acting, it gives the spectator a quiet intensity of enjoyment, too subtle to find expression in anything but inability to take the eyes off him. The oily smugness on the face of Ollapod, for instance, does not move to laughter, yet is a continuous source of glee. Mr. Buckstone's drollery is a sensual treat; Mr. Compton's is an intellectual: both, in their several ways, are perfect. We could wish that Ollapod was not obliged to wear his uniform so much. It detracts from the character. After one gets used to its absurdity, it is in the way. In the first act, all of Mr. Compton is Ollapod; afterwards, only his face is. Part of the supreme fitness of the face is lost, in counteracting the unfitness of the body. Plenty remains; but it is all too fine for any of it to be lost.

This piece likewise contains Mr. Rogers's best part. His Humphrey Dobbin cannot be equalled. It just suits him, and he just suits it. The result is not to be described, but seen. It is one of the most splendid bits of character in the Haymarket repertory—one of their triumphs—a jewel in the crown of their supremacy. Mr. Chippendale, also, in this piece proves himself—as he always does—the king of the company. The first time that Sir Robert Bramble stands in front with Humphrey, and the full glare of the footlights blaze upon him, the grandeur of his face and the compactness of his legs—Mr. Chippendale's great points—come out conspicuous. What an old beau, grown out into a kind old man, he looks? A cavalier—a courtier—yet a nice old man. Gay youth grown up into good age. What a seamed, crumpled, generous, fine face it is! O, why will those mad authors who write plays for the Haymarket Theatre, waste Mr. Chippendale.

Mr. Chippendale's besetting sin is proneness to strong language, in the form of oaths. We can quite pardon him not sticking to the text, for there is a great deal of art in the right use of oaths; and authors, or expurgators, or somebodies, are apt to misplace them. But Mr. Chippendale uses them too often. Indeed, all the members of the company are too apt to "damn," when they want a word. Now a strong word—especially an oath—if introduced when not absolutely necessary, always weakens a sentence. The strength of some expressions makes them feeble. Still less is a weak sentence strengthened by a pointless oath. A "damn" is not a panacea. On the other hand, one is sometimes disadvantageously omitted. Why will Mr. Coe persist in saying that Sir Oliver's portrait has to him "an unforgiving eye and a *hanged* disinheriting countenance?" If Mr. Coe objects to swearing, we are very glad to hear it; but he should remember Careless has no conscientious scruples. Sir Oliver's presence, the character that speaks, the sentiment, and euphony, alike declare the portrait to have "a *damned* disinheriting countenance!" How well the word fits in! Alliteration clinches it.

The Company's performance of the *Rivals* is not, this year, up to their usual standard. Mr. Chippendale has not been playing his great part, Sir Anthony, so vigorously as he is wont to do. The scenes between him and his son are not so effective as they usually are. The laughing-scene between the Captain and Mrs. Malaprop is not so fine; and the great wink, at the embrace of

Lydia, is gone. Mr. Farren's absence seems to damp the lot. Still, the piece is admirably acted, and is most enjoyable; but why is the intoxicated sentimentality with which it concludes, restored? It was justly banished. The *Pall Mall* says it might have been written by Joseph Surface: to which we add—under the influence of strong emotion. The curtain naturally falls upon the "health of Mrs. Malaprop."

Dear Mr. Buckstone, we can't stand *Co-operative Movements*, even if they *are* organised by the son of the editor of *Punch*.

BADGERED BOYS.

When that "another Fox," who has been so much invoked to write "another Book of Martyrs," begins his work, let him not forget to include in it the whole race of boys. The injustice with which boys are treated is a disgrace to civilised society. Boys are never let alone. They are always being badgered about something. A flagrant instance of this has occurred this week. The Rev. Dr. Temple, of Rugby, has been distributing the prizes and certificates gained by the successful candidates at the last Oxford Local Examination. Being the master of some hundreds of boys, of course he is an adept at the art of badgering them. It is commonly supposed that a boy who has got a prize at these examinations has done a creditable thing, and that the one who has placed himself at the head of the first rank of senior candidates, is an honour to himself and to his schoolmaster. When, upon reference to the list, you find that the one who has achieved the first position is two years younger than all his companions in the first rank, a boy would have imagined he had earned some small degree of praise. Not so a man! At least, not so Dr. Temple. While to the third-class boys he spoke most sympathising words, almost insinuating that dulness at school was a surer augury of distinction in the world than cleverness was, he told the second-class boys that he hoped he might hear better things of them in future, while to the first-class boys he preached humility. But as for that meritorious little boy—as good, industrious, and meek-looking a lad as ever stepped—who, at two years' disadvantage had eclipsed his fellows, for him was reserved the full weight of the pedagogue's morality. If he imagined he was going to be praised, he little knew the world: he had not learnt that parents, guardians, and schoolmasters never allow a boy to distinguish himself, without seizing the opportunity to read him a long moral lecture. If a good boy succeeds in anything, the world of men thinks he has got first by accident, and is eating himself up with pride at his achievement; if a lazy boy fails ignominiously in anything, he is a martyr, and to be patted on the back. Little did Mr. Lendesdorf—the lad who, at the earliest opportunity allowed by the regulations, had beaten all the other lads of Manchester,—imagine how he had offended against a world that worships dunces, or he never would have turned up on the platform of the Free Trade Hall. Perhaps he even thought he had done something not to be ashamed of. Poor little fool! To the world he had proved himself a stuck-up, cocky little ignoramus. He must be taken down. The paternal instincts of the world, interpreted by Dr. Temple, could not resist the fine occasion for a moral lecture. So Dr. Temple told him—before the Free Trade Hall full of people—that he must not think, because he had shown himself to know so much, that, therefore, he knew anything. He had only mounted one step on the high ladder of learning. O, hackneyed simile—delight of pedagogues—and do we meet thee once again? Friend of our youth, methinks we've heard the sound of thee before!

Let Dr. Temple put the ladder of learning as high as it can be put, the lad who at fifteen gets into the first-class senior of those examinations, has ascended several rungs upon the ladder. He has learnt as much in fifteen years as anyone ought to do; and as no student's life can be reckoned at more than sixty years, he has done at least a quarter of the work which a man who gives his whole life to study—if such a fool exists—can be expected to perform. He has a right to be proud. And even if he has not, is the Free Trade Hall and a distribution of prizes the time and place for moral lectures on humility? Is a boy to be abused, simply because he has distinguished himself? What had Mr. Lendesdorf done that he should be publicly insulted by the head-master of Rugby School?

The sickening cant of the world's morality for boys is disgusting. If some man had notoriously done one-half this boy's work, he would have been held up to this very boy for imitation. While adult dolts, who happen not to make egregious fools of themselves, are looked upon as prodigies of scholarship, clever lads, who, in proportion, know three times as much, are looked upon as ignoramuses. While lazy grown-up prigs, who ape the airs of learning, are treated to the hackneyed humbug of the world's respect and deference, modest, hard-working boys are lectured on humility. Will the world never learn that boys have purer, nobler, truer hearts than men? In many matters, it is not men who are qualified to lecture boys, but rather boys who are qualified to lecture men. Modesty is one of those matters. Youth *is* presumptuous—but age is infinitely more so.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Oh, I wonder what you are
Up to, while you, there on high,
Kick a shine up in the sky.

Like a night-bird that outcreeps
When the peeler sweetly sleeps,
So you show and so will run,
When you see the morning sun.

"Lamp of night!" a sorry light,
Yours to show the way aright,
You would land him in the mire,
Were you lamp of knight or squire.

If you be a "guiding star,"
An uncertain guide you are;
Dull, unsteady, and in truth,
Not a guide for age or youth.

Never putting forth your head
Till the world has gone to bed,
To hang out with bleary sight
In the azure vault all night.

"Music of the Spheres" divine,
May be, but the soul of thine
Is, "I won't go home till morn,
Till the daylight comes forlorn."

Stuck-up Snob, celestial spoon,
Always ogling Lady Moon;
And like all your snobbish race,
Winking in a lady's face!

As you nod thus at your post,
Like a wretched, pale-faced ghost,
You must have, without a doubt,
An uncommon blue look-out.

Don't be green then, get to bed,
Douse the glim and hide your head;
Grow more steady than you are.
Cease to wink ill, little star!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

It happened that a friend of ours, during a recent visit to a Scotch proprietor, was considerably chaffed on his, the latter's, moor, through firing two barrels at a beautiful black cock, and missing with each. It also happened, in less than another minute, that the said Scotch proprietor snapped two caps at another black cock, which elicited the happy repartee, in a parody of Tennyson, on the part of our vindictive friend:—

"Captain Boosie,
'Tis better to have *shot* and *missed*,
Than never to have *shot* at all.'"

THE PALE OF HUMANITY.—The bucket that everyone has to kick.

SENSATION WRITING,

FROM

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

WE may as well explain here the circumstances which gave rise to the following strange communication:—Some time back there called at our office a youth of attenuated form, seedy habiliments, tallowy hair, and lugubrious visage. On our inquiring what he wished of us, he proceeded to narrate a tale of misfortune. He had paid much attention to the law, but the law had paid little attention to him. Engrossing although his occupation had been, it had but ill requited him. A chain of events had occurred, and he had been induced to change his profession. He had a soul for literature, and his pen was at our service. He would not object to enlightening and amusing the public through the columns of the *Sphinx*. What should he commence to write upon? We replied, courteously, that anything he might favour us with would receive our careful consideration, if addressed, and sent through the proper medium. We proceeded to finish the article on which we were engaged, expecting that our visitor would be going; but, instead of doing so, he inquired what was most likely to go down with the public. "Well," answered we, "we find the best thing is personal experience. Now, if you could live a week or two in a workhouse, a fortnight in prison, or a month in a lunatic asylum, and give your experiences, you would be sure to confer a benefit on society, amuse the public, and do yourself a power of good." "Thank you," he replied; "but could you not give us something to be going on with?" As the only means of getting rid of this unwelcome visitor, we gave him half-a-crown, which he proceeded to be going off with, and we heard no more of him till we received the following.—[EDITOR SPHINX.]

SIR,—As your Special Commissioner for the close inspection of the practical working of prisons, workhouses, and asylums, I determined to act according to your suggestions. Workhouses are, unfortunately, only too intimately known to *littérateurs*, and have been only too well described and faithfully pourtrayed by them. It struck me, therefore, that I had better turn my attention to prisons; and the most feasible means of becoming acquainted with their details seemed to be a residence for a short period in one. I must get taken up by knocking some one down, by committing a robbery, or doing some desperate deed or other. As I went pondering and wandering down Market-street and round the Square, the jewellers' shops struck me as presenting a fine field for enterprise; so, putting on a bold front, and screwing up my courage, I entered one of the largest. All the shopmen at once cast suspicious eyes upon me. I felt dazzled by the wealth that glittered round. I hesitated, stammered, and, by an effort, managed to ejaculate, "Please, could you tell me the right time?—mine's wrong." "We don't keep that article here, try next door," was the polite reply of a counter-jumper. I came out rather crest-fallen, and thought this won't do; I must be up to the mark. In, therefore, I walked into another and similar shop, marched up to the counter, and boldly asked to look at some gold watches and diamond rings. With much hesitation the shopman produced several, while his mate sauntered to the door. Now for it, said I, and took up one, looked about, and—asked the price of it. "Eight pounds," was the answer. "Much too dear for me; good morning." Again had I been foolish and weak-minded. Was there no other plan? In the country I might attempt to glean, to take a turnip, or to pick up sticks out of a hedge, and be graciously accorded several weeks with hard labour. Was there not petty larceny, garotting, burglary, felony, attempted murder? The thing was easy enough. All that it wanted was courage. I procured a shilling's worth of gin, drank it, and waited some time till a policeman hove in sight. Then I began an attack on the nearest well-dressed person, and received a black eye. Up, of course, came the policeman, and him I also pitched into, but was soon mercilessly mauled, handcuffed, and dragged off to the station, followed by an excited crowd. All night I lay sore, bruised, and bitterly repentant of my desire to enlighten and amuse the pubiic. It had turned out no joke. My character and prospects were blighted. And to-morrow, that awful to-morrow!

Next morning I was brought up before the "beak," all cut about the face, black of eye, and lumpy of cranium. The policeman made me out to be a most desperate character, well known to the force. A most ferocious attack for purposes felonious had been made by me in the street, and he, in the attempt to arrest me, had been severely handled. The "beak" glared on me, as he said, "What have you to say for yourself?" "Oh! Sir, your worship, it was only a joke—only to enlighten and amuse the public—don't send me to prison. I won't do it again—indeed I won't." Great laughter in court arose at this as the court news of the day may show, but the worthy beak (who has acquired a certain reputation for the humourous manner in which he performs the most painful duties) remarked in sarcastic tones,—Oho! only a joke? Eh! No joke you'll find it I assure you. Enlighten and amuse the public? Lighten them of their watches and pocket handkerchiefs no doubt. Won't do it again? No, I daresay not after three months' hard labour." The horrors of my situation were fully realized, my head swam round, and I was beginning to tell the real state of the case, when I was hurried off, and van'd away to Belle Vue; had to bathe and have my hair cut short; had to live on demoralizing bread and unsatisfying water, with monotonous variations of dietetic gruel. I have had to pick oakum, and do all sorts of things. But I will say no more here. In a few days you will have a correct and detailed account of prison life from experience, personal and practical, with reflections.

(1) On the brutality of the police when making arrests.

(2) On the incompetency and want of consideration shown by magistrates.

(3) On the demoralizing effect of prison diet.

At present I am waiting until my hair grows and the prison look wears off me. Please send a remittance on account to yours truly, and, after what I have undergone, a rather handsome one.

[It is impossible to describe our feelings on reading the above statement of that misguided individual. We had recommended him to put his lucubrations in the form of personal experiences, just as novelists often put tales in the form of autobiographies, but we never expected him to take our suggestions literally instead of literarily. We are deeply indebted to him for the kind offer he has made, but must decline any contributions of this nature. On no account can we forward him any remittance whatever. We would recommend him at once to apply for a vacant situation as patient in a lunatic asylum, for which his conduct clearly qualifies him. Perhaps if he underwent ten years' penal servitude or transportation, and, at the end of that period, sent us a few sketches, light, graphic, humourous, and spirited, we might be induced to print them.—EDITOR SPHINX.]

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL ATHLETIC DISTINCTIONS.

TO the list already published of scholars who have "taken honours" in rowing, &c., the following addition may be made:—

Mr. John B. Shaw, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, sometime Bridgman Exhibitioner of Queen's College, Oxford, and late one of the classical masters in Manchester School, was winner, while at the University, of one of the silver oars competed for annually, and known as the "Queen's College Challenge Pair Oars." Mr. Shaw was also—at a later period, as Lieutenant in the 40th Lancashire R.V.—winner of the Southport Challenge Cup. Somewhat singularly, the victor, on the occasion of the previous competition (the first) for the Southport Cup, was also a pupil of the late High Master, and an Oxonian—to wit, Mr. H. F. Blair, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, who has been already mentioned (see "The Sphinx," page 17) as having distinguished himself at the University in the matter of billiards.

SALFORD ELECTION.—The Liberals who desert their colours on the Irish Church question, and vote for Cawley and Charley, will evidently be C-C-ders.

DOMESTIC SURGERY.—Putting the kettle on for a boil.

AN UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY.—Speech to a dumb man.

INNS AND OTHER TOPER HAUNTS IN LONDON.—The rights of honest topers were suppressed by his son King Charles, who for the poor fee of an annual three pounds sterling granted licences to tavern-keepers to sell wines at what prices they pleased, in spite of all statutes to the contrary! You may fancy how flushed the face of a thirsty cockney might become, who, on putting down his eightpence for a quart of claret, was told by Francis, the drawer, that the price was a full quarter noble, or "one-and-eightpence!" Lord Goring, who issued these licences pocketed a respectable amount of fees in return. By statute, London had authority only for the establishment of forty taverns. But what did roystering George Goring care for statute since the King gave him licence to ride over it. Taverns multiplied accordingly, not only in the city but in those "suburbs," as they were once called, fragrant Drury Lane and refined "Convent Garden." With competition came lower prices, however, and the throats of the Londoners were refreshed, while their purses were not so speedily lightened. Jolly places they became again; but when they not only increased all over the town, but took to "victualling," as it was termed, as well as "liquoring," the authorities began to inquire into the matter. With the claret that was drunk, a corresponding amount of venison was eaten. At the same time the King's bucks began to disappear, and suspicion arose that gentlemen in taverns dined on his sacred Majesty's deer! A watch was set to prevent such felonious fare being carried into London from any of the royal parks, chases, or forests. Still haunches smoked on the boards of those naughty victualling taverns, and haughty cockneys, "greatly daring, dined!" The stolen bucks were smuggled in over Bow Bridge; and not till that passage was occupied by representatives of legal authority did the venison intended for the court cease to find its way into the city. The drama at this time lingered about Blackfriars and the Bankside. Bacchus emigrated westward, before Thespis. In 1633, in "Convent Garden" and the "little lane" adjacent, which had just then begun to be called Russell-street, there were not less than eight taverns and twenty alehouses. This was thought to be so much beyond the requirements of the public thirst, that an order was issued to reduce the number of taverns to two and the alehouses to four. The suburban public cried out against the drinking privileges of the city, where claret was tapped in taverns and ale ran from the spigot from before breakfast till after supper-time. The Council directed the attention of the Lord Mayor thereto, and in 1633 inquiry was made as to how many taverns had been newly opened since the year 1611. The reply was, "sixty and one." In the return it is pleasant to read of the "Boar's Head," as "an ancient tavern." Teetotallers will, perhaps, entertain due regard for "Bagshaw Ward," as being the only one in the city described as having "never a tavern within that ward." But, then, Basing Hall, or Bagshaw Ward, was of such small extent as to be rather contemptuously spoken of by Stowe himself, who calls it "a small thing consisting of one street." An inhabitant of this ward had, therefore, only to step into the next street if he wanted a stoup of Bordeaux or a flagon of ale. If he swore over his liquor he was liable to the penalty of a shilling; and if he went home on his way noisily, with more claret under his belt than he well knew how to carry, he must be mulcted of a crown. These fines were distributed among the poor, so that the more drinking and profanity abounded the better for those poor. To be blasphemous was to be on one of the blessed paths of charity. City chronicles tell of one Richard Dixon, who, having more of an eccentric compassion for the distressed than regard for propriety, swallowed his claret, swore a score of oaths, and deposited twenty shillings with the Town Clerk for London paupers. Sober people in the city, however, complained of the increasing number of inns and taverns. Orders were issued accordingly, and a Boniface here and there took down his bush at the beginning of the week, but hung it up again before Saturday. The temperance party furnished a list of 211 taverns, new and old, in the city, in October, 1663. At that time Shakspere's and Washington Irving's "Boar's Head," in Eastcheap, was kept by one William Leedes, "not by any licence from the King's majesty," but "as a freeman." Will Leedes may well have seen Shakspere, who had not then been dead a score of years; and we may fancy mine host's guests discussing the second edition of the Folio, which had then been out of the press not much above twelve months. In spite of the law for the suppression of certain taverns, these remained open and new inns were built. The fashion and delicacy of Drury Lane were deeply affected by the threatened building of a tavern in that refined locality, in addition to eleven already existing there. The master of his majesty's tents, one Thomas Jones, resided in Drury Lane, and he petitioned the Council to prohibit the above building, as being to the great prejudice of the royal tent-master "and other neighbours, being men of eminent quality." The greatest blow at the old taverns was the prohibition of "victualing." Tavern-keepers beset the King for licences to cook and retail meat, "it being," says one petition, "a thing much desired by noblemen and gentlemen of the best rank, and others (for the which, if they please, they may also contract beforehand, as the custom is in other countries), there being no other place fit for them to eat in the city." This was in Cheapside; but there was also Will Meade's house in Bread-street. It had ever been resorted to by citizens and foreigners, on account of its famous fish dinners. The company had always been "well affected," of the very best quality, too; gentlefolk, who confined themselves to the laws made for eating fish upon days appointed. If Will Meade be not permitted to vend his Lenten fare, then he is "deprived of his best way of subsistence, having applied himself and bred up many servants only for the dressing of fish." As licence had been given to two vinters to "dress and vend fish," Will prays for similar licence to dress and vend fish, also. Will was landlord of that very "Mermaid" of which Mr. Tuckerman speaks in his first essay—the "Mermaid" of Ben Johnson, who had then just closed his dramatic career with "Love's Welcome"—the "Mermaid" which, some thirty years earlier, had been kept by the poet's namesake, Johnson, and which had been a "Mermaid," when men of quality took their wine, as early at least as the time when the Houses of York and Lancaster were at bloody strife for the crown of "this our England." But occasionally, men of quality died as well as drank in a London inn. I am not sure that it was not in this very "Mermaid" that Richard de Grey, the sixth Lord of Ruthyn, died in 1523, an utterly penniless gambler. His son Henry, from poverty, never assumed any title of honour; and it was not until the time of his great grandson, Reginald, that the honour and fortune were restored of a family of which the present Baroness Grey de Ruthyn is the representative.—*Dr. Doran.*

THE FAR WESTERN EDITOR.—Suppose that it should ever fall to the lot of a wise man of the East to ride some summer day into one of these quiet little western towns, situated on a prairie or by some river with a not euphonious name, where it is difficult to say where the town commences and the country ends, or which is which, and where the inhabitants, in their *dolce far niente* languor, seem to wish, like the lotus eaters, as they tilt their rocking chairs on the shady side of the street, in front of the "grocery" door, that "it was always afternoon." Before he has well taken off his jingling Mexican spurs, or imbibed a preliminary "drink" with the landlord of the "Ho-tel," he will be accosted by a shabby-genteel individual whom, by the shrewdly telling questions he puts, the traveller will have no difficulty in recognising as the local editor. If he has not done so already himself, Colonel Homer S. Smith, mine host, will soon take upon himself a western landlord's privilege, of introducing you to "Dr.," "Captain," "Judge," or "Mister" Ossian E. Dodge, editor of the *Swampville Flag of Liberty* (and one of our most distinguished citizens, sir)." . . . As you get better acquainted with your friend you will find that he is far from being such a truculent fellow as his leaders and "personal items" might lead you to suppose. He will hospitably ask you to "come up to my office, Cap.; write your letters there, sir;" and when you look into his office, which is generally press room, composing room, and study, with little furniture beyond a saliva-rusted stove, a spittoon, and a huge rocking chair of cheap construction, you will find that it seems to be a general loafing place for the more idle of the citizens of the political opinions which the *Flag* professes. There they are, all smoking, chewing tobacco, eating apples, or ruminating with chair tilted back, or sitting on the step in front of the office door, only occasionally moving over to the neighbouring bar room to "put in a blast," or "to hist in a drop o' pisin." The editor will now and then, if not better employed, rush out to ask a passing acquaintance "if he has not such a thing as an *item* about him," or will bolt round the corner of the street to pump a rusty gold miner who has just now wearily trudged into town for the week's supply of pork and beans. Shortly afterwards, you will see the two adjourning to "take a drink;" or, if news from the diggings at "Mad Mule Cañon," or "Shirt Tail Bar" (well known mining localities in California), is of a particularly spicy character, the miner will adjourn to the office. There his news will be "set up" in due course, and he will be invited to "take a char," doubtless not only in hospitality, but also with eye to the policy of keeping him out of the way of the "opposition," already on the qui vive; for in these dull, die-away mining or rural villages in some mountain valley in the Far West, a man with news is an important personage, and comports himself (most properly) as one from cities. . . . The editor himself has generally been brought up as a printer, and not unfrequently in case of accident will "set up" and "work off" his own leader. Not unfrequently "he puts in his time at case;" and if he be of a speculative turn of mind, drives the stage coach, or "runs" the hotel; but oftener he is a local attorney, filling up his spare time with politics, and possibly sits in the territorial legislature. There is not, I believe, a politician of any eminence in this wise, who at one time or other has not been a printer or a lawyer: the former generally graduating into the latter, as the world deals more kindly with him or ambition pricks him on. He very seldom sticks to the editorial desk, but gravitates with western versatility into some other more lucrative line of business. If he be sufficiently talkative, he takes to politics, and "runs" for the local legislature or the district judgeship; or, if muscularly inclined, you will find him working in a mining claim, or engaged in fulfilling a contract to "blaze" a trail.

GLADIATORIAL SPORTS. — One good deed at least Arsenius had seen done—a deed which has lasted to all time, and done, too, to the eternal honour of his order, by a monk—namely, the abolition of gladiatorial shows. For centuries these wholesale murders had lasted through the Roman republic, and through the Roman empire. Human beings, in the prime of youth and health, captives or slaves, condemned malefactors, and even freeborn men, who hired themselves out to death, and had been trained to destroy each other in the amphitheatre, for the amusement, not merely of the Roman mob, but the Roman ladies. Thousands, sometimes, in a single day, had been

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

The training of gladiators had become a science. By their weapons and their armour, and their modes of fighting, they had been distinguished into regular classes, of which the antiquaries count up full eighteen. Andabatæ, who wore helmets without any opening for the eyes, so that they were obliged to fight blindfold, and thus excited the mirth of the spectators; Hoplomachi, who fought in a complete suit of armour; Mirmillones, who had the image of a fish upon the helmets, and fought in armour with a short sword, matched usually against the Retiarii, who fought without armour, and whose weapons were a casting-net and a trident. These, and other species of fighters, were drilled and fed in "families" by Lanistæ, or regular trainers, who let them out to persons wishing to exhibit a show. Women, even high-born ladies, had been seized in former times with the madness of fighting, and, as shameless as cruel, had gone down into the arena to delight, with their own wounds and their own gore, the eyes of the Roman people. And these things were done, and done, too, often under the auspices of the gods, and at their most sacred festivals. So deliberate and organised a system of wholesale butchery has never, perhaps, existed on this earth before or since, not even in the worship of those Mexican gods whose idols Cortez and his soldiers found fed with human hearts, and the walls of their temples crusted with human gore. Gradually the spirit of the Gospel had been triumphing over this abomination. Ever since the time of Tertullian, in the second century, Christian preachers and writers had lifted up their voice in the name of humanity. Towards the end of the third century the emperors themselves had so far yielded to the voice of reason as to forbid by edicts the gladiatorial fights. But the public opinion of the mob in most of the great cities had been too strong both for saints and for emperors. St. Augustine himself tells us of the horrible joy which he, in his youth, had seen come over the vast ring of flushed faces at these horrid sights; and in Arsenius's own time, his miserable pupil, the weak Honorius, bethought himself of celebrating once more the heathen festival of the Secular Games, and formally to allow therein an exhibition of gladiators. But in the midst of that show sprang down into the arena of the Colosseum of Rome an unknown monk, some said from Nitria, some from Phrygia, and with his own hands parted the combatants, in the name of Christ and God. The mob, baulked for a moment of their pleasure, sprang on him, and stoned him to death. But the crime was followed by a sudden revulsion of feeling. By an edict of the Emperor the gladiatorial sports were forbidden for ever, and the Colosseum, thenceforth useless, crumbled slowly away into that vast ruin which remains unto this day, purified, as men well said, from the blood of tens of thousands by the blood of one true and noble martyr.—*"Arsenius," in the Hermits. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

HOW SERMONS ARE PREPARED.—I think the following modes of preparing and delivering sermons have been adopted by different preachers. *First*, a discourse may be carefully written out and prepared exactly as it is to be delivered, and may be read from the MS. That the method of reading every word is quite consistent with the utmost life and energy, no one of my hearers who remembers the preaching of the late Dr. Robert Gordon, or Dr. Chalmers, will be disposed to deny. *Second*, a discourse, after being so prepared, instead of being read, may be committed to memory, and delivered to the audience with the same correctness as if it had been read from the book. *Third*, the preacher may not compose his sermon in full, but may fix upon the topics he will introduce, and arrange the heads in order of discourse, in what is called a *skeleton*, and so fill up extempore as he proceeds the argument, and supply the details as he goes along. The skeletons of the late Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, are well known. I believe he kept a skeleton of every sermon he preached. Mr. Simeon carried a good idea to an extreme, and his work contains a vast quantity of repetition, and I don't think will conduce much to the advance of pulpit oratory. His twenty-one volumes seem to me but dry bones; although, no doubt, zeal and skill *may* "clothe them with sinews and flesh, and put breath into them and make them alive." A *Fourth* method of preaching is the purely extempore or unprepared method—that is, the preacher enters the pulpit, selects even the text at random, and then delivers a discourse, the whole of which, both as to the arrangement, illustration, and argument, is unpremeditated. The failure of those who adopt such a method is likely to be in argument and connection; although no doubt it might call forth, in persons of fervid imagination and ready powers of language, a brilliancy of oratorical display, and a boldness of metaphorical illustration, which no previous study or elaborate composition could attain.

There is, however, a *Fifth* method, which has been made use of by accomplished preachers, although perhaps the least common method of all. It is neither the writing method, the skeleton method, nor the extempore method. It is the method adopted by those who can build up their sermons in their own heads—compose it strictly and entirely, as well as to argument and illustration as to diction and imagery. They con it over till it has become a part and parcel, as it were, of their own mind. Then they bring it forth with all the accuracy of a regularly composed speech, at the same time with all the ease of an address which comes of what is unpremeditated and spontaneous.—*From Dean Ramsay's "Pulpit Table Talk."*

THE BOROUGH OF OLD SARUM.—The case of Old Sarum is a very peculiar one. This place used always to be quoted as one of the most flagrant examples of the absurdity of the old system, and any allusion to the one inhabitant of that ancient borough, who was supposed to return its two members, was always thought a good joke. But the fact is, that, till about 120 years ago, there was not even one inhabitant of Old Sarum; and I remember being puzzled at first how to reconcile this fact with the record of "contested elections" which occurred there in the reign of Charles II., and again in the reign of Queen Anne. But on examining the point one sees that these were cases rather of disputed returns than of contests in the modern sense. Not but what there were materials for even these. It did not follow in those days that because there were no residents, therefore there were no voters. And on the site of Old Sarum still flourished fourteen freeholders, who were likewise "burgage holders," and who met periodically under the "Election Elm"—a tree which I regarded with veneration—to choose their representatives in Parliament. Sarum *had* once been a place of great importance. Its castle was one of the chief barriers of the south-west against the incursions of the Welsh; and before the removal of its cathedral into the valley where it now stands, it must have been one of the finest cities in the kingdom. But when no longer required as a military post, it is easy to see that its inaccessible position, on the summit of a very steep and very lofty hill, would soon lead to its desertion. But as early as the reign of Henry VIII., the old town was in ruins, and not a single house in it inhabited. And we may suppose that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become just the bare mound that it is at present. About the middle of the eighteenth century the Pitt family, who were lords of the manor, and had estates in the adjoining village of Stratford, built the solitary house to which we have already referred. It was at first merely a shepherd's hut, and afterwards became a public-house. I could not understand what electioneering object was to be gained by the erection of this tenement. But some such object is alleged to have been at the bottom of it. It could hardly have been that the Pitt family intended by it to wipe off the reproach of a borough without an inhabitant, and representatives without constituents. To build *one* house for such a purpose was only to make the scandal more conspicious. However, a proprietor with a strong sense of humour might perhaps have done it for the joke's sake. It is curious that there is no intermission of any consequence in the issue of writs to Old Sarum. It never seems to have struck anyone till near the time of the Reform Bill, that there was anything at all odd in requiring two members to be returned to the House of Commons for a naked green hill tenanted exclusively by sheep. —*Cornhill.*

THE ERA OF THE FRICANDEAU. — The cooks taken prisoners by Louis the Twelfth when he invaded Italy, cast their bread upon the waters, and it returned to them before many days. Many of the recherché, light, and tempting dishes invented by these exiles, and tinged with the sentiment of their situation, still obtain in France. Empires may pass away, but the fricassée will remain. A femine grace was now added to the robust cooking of the middle ages. This was a time of greater invention than steam. Steam! Why it is to the time of Leo the Tenth that we are indebted for the Fricandeau, that delicious larded segment of veal, stewed with bacon, spices, carrots, onions, and parsley, and served with Macedonian sauce or sorel. The sublime inventor of this delicious morsel was Jean de Carême (Jack o' Lent), who derived his name from a celebrated soup maigre, which he invented for the Pope, his master. He was the direct ancestor of our modern Carême, who was cook to George the Fourth, and afterwards to Baron Rothschild. It was the same Pope who fostered the genius of Raphael and the genius of the discoverer of the fricandeau.

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